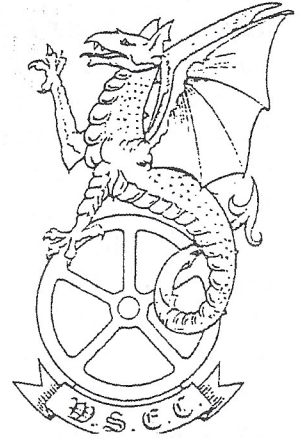


WESSEX STATIONARY ENGINE CLUB LIMITED

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NEWSLETTER



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******* EDITORIAL *******

This club probably has the best programme of events, meetings, visits, crank-up's etc than any other club I know, this only happens because of the hard work and effort the committee puts in to compile this programme. I cannot put into words the disappointment I felt when I had to cancel the quiz with South Somerset Club because none of you could be bothered to form a team. Out of a total membership of over 350 only two members and myself were willing to take part. This really is a pathetic response from the largest stationary engine club in the country. The two members who volunteered to go to South Somerset were our Vice Chairman Eric Gay and Colin Baker, even other members of the committee let us down this time. I can only say that I am looking forward to next years AGM when I can resign from the two jobs I am doing at present and sit back and do b-----r all like the rest of the members. Have a nice day.

******* CHAIRMANS REPORT *******

The crank-up at the Court Hotel has always proved to be a popular event with a good turnout, but this year was in my opinion the best yet. A really good engine line up, and lots of members and visitors looking around, it really was a super evening. The Court Hotel is an ideal venue with its splendid bar area supplying drinks, filled rolls and hot dogs, it cost me a fortune with Oliver and Henry in attendance. The cup for the most interesting engine was won by Nigel Scorse with his Standard Gas Engine, Nigel is one of our new members, the cup for the best restored engine was won by committee member Phil Marshall with his Fuller and Johnson. A good raffle wound up the proceedings and I would like to thank Diane Davis for selling over £80 worth of tickets, also thanks to the members who brought prizes for the raffle. All in all a night to remember.

******* THE MARKET PLACE *******

FOR SALE Heavy duty trailer. Will carry 15cwt. Brakes. 6' x 3' approx. £150. Tel Ron on 01749 840413.

WORK - FORCE, YOU WERE BRILLIANT.

My request in last months newsletter for a workforce to set up the rally was certainly answered, over thirty members turned up to help, including quite a few of the fairer sex. It certainly made a difference bringing all the kit onto the field in the box trailer, which Phil Marshall carried out with a Land Rover borrowed from the farmer. A chain of willing workers soon had the box emptied. Soon the engine lines were up, likewise the ring, the ropes were soon installed with some of the women doing the roping, (I think they were using "granny" knots.) Paul Chivers took over the post bumper from the farmer, and Martin Feeney was brave enough to hold the posts for him before the weight crashed down. It was a brilliant combined effort from the assembled crew which saw the job finished by 8-15. Well done everyone, and thank you all very very much. BJB.

CRANK-UP AT THE COURT HOTEL

MONDAY 25th JULY 2005

According to my notes, my last report was this event last year. Unfortunately I've been busy with schoolwork and travels. This year's event was probably the best attended ever, with 27 engines which managed to cram into the car park of the Court Hotel. I think this is the first time that the engines filled not only the sides of the car park, but also a row in the middle. Thankfully, there was no repeat of the last two years weather, which saw drizzle in 2004 and a downpour in 2003. The engines were as always, varied, including a pair of JAP's, a 2A and 2Sb owned by Mr M Stevens, a 1910 Tom Thumb manufactured by the International Harvester Co, owned by Mr Brian Taylor and originally used to drive small machinery such as corn mills, and Phil Marshall's very nicely restored Fuller and Johnson. One engine which attracted a lot of interest was Nigel Scorse's Standard Gas Engine. Manufactured in San Francisco around the turn of the century, it produces 4hp. The engine is an unusual design: a vertical side-shaft, and is a testament to the skill of the engine designer, with parts turning or moving all over, making for a busy and complicated engine. Used in boats, it was exported from Australia in a very poor condition, with many parts missing, including a 2 inch section of the side-shaft. Robin Lambert brought an interesting variation on the stationary engine theme, and exhibited a Cairns Mocyc bicycle with a small engine driving the front wheel. Manufactured by Greens Industries in Bournemouth, it cost £12 in 1950, and would fit any bicycle. Robin acquired it after the strings tying it up in a garage broke and it fell on a car. The raffle was held at 9.15, with a good selection of prizes. The winners of the two awards given at this event were announced as: Best Restored – Phil Marshall, Fuller and Johnson and the most unusual engine – Nigel Scorse, Standard Gas Engine.

JONATHON HOCKEDY

******* EVENTS FOR YOUR DIARY *******

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3rd VE Day (Victoria Engines) Open day at Derrick Hardwick's, Beech Grove, Manor Road, Rangeworthy, Gloucestershire. All Derrick's superb collection of engines will be on display and Derrick may require assistance from some of you to fire some of them up. A barbeque will be available for members who wish to bring and cook their own food, (bring a bottle as well). Members are welcome to bring Victoria Engines or Victoria related items only to comply with the VE theme. The WSEC has been invited to view Derrick's collection before and the welcome and the hospitality displayed by Derrick and his family is legendary. So turn up any time after 12 noon and experience it for yourself.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 11th **ENGINES WANTED WSEC CRANK UP AND CAR BOOT SALE** at Camerton Village Hall. This is in aid of the Childrens Hospice South West, who have launched the Babes Big Appeal in order to raise money to build and equip a hospice for over 800 children in the South West region with life threatening or life limiting conditions. Please give your support on the day. This Crank-Up replaces the annual fund raising event that was held at Brian Fears Garage, Oakhill, which is no longer available to us due to change of ownership. A grand raffle will be held, and donated prizes for this very good cause would be appreciated. For further details ring Tony or Diana Davis on 01373 464982.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17th Crank – Up at Wookey Farm Shop, Wookey, Nr Wells. The Farm Shop is open for the sale of a wide variety of local produce, including cider, fresh and frozen meats, vegetables etc, in fact you name it and they sell it. There is also a barbeque on site. This is the crank – up that has attracted members from as far afield as South Wales, come and find out for yourselves what a good event this is. It is put on by Wessex member Steve Baker, for further details give him a ring on **079321 55772**

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 25th **ENGINES WANTED** Or tractors, cars, commercials, displays etc at the Western Heavy Horse Show at the Turnpike Show-field, between Gillingham and Shaftesbury. Ring Mike Horler on 01761 470694 for an entry form.

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 26th Club night at the Old Down Inn. Guest speaker Michael Dean giving a presentation and talk on the "SS GREAT BRITAIN". Sounds like another exceptional night, come early to be sure of a seat. The usual grand raffle. Prizes would be appreciated.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 8th Social evening with skittles and supper at Butler and Tanners Social Club Frome. Details in next months newsletter when we shall be taking orders for the fish and chip suppers.

As this year is the 60th anniversary of VE day there are a lot of war time memories in the media. Although my experience was very limited, I thought I would share my memories with you and hope other members might do the same. I was born in S.W. London a few years before war was declared, and when hostilities commenced my father was managing a high street butchers shop in Harrow road, Paddington, and we were living over the shop premises. It was a very large shop area, the door was in a wide shutter, that was lifted when the shop opened, leaving an inviting large exit, through which I could wander onto the pavement into a noisy environment of traffic and people. To get to the garden I had to go through the back rooms of the shop where meat was prepared and sausages made. The elderly man who made the sausages always threatened to put me in the sausage machine, so I had to wait by the door until his back was turned and then run quickly through to the garden. Well that was what it was called but a large part of it was what seemed to me then, an enormous rabbit run. The floor was covered in a very deep amount of sand, I now assume it was deep to stop the rabbits tunnelling, but I would go into the run to use it as a sandpit and play with the large number of rabbits. I didn't realize we were at war, and wouldn't have known what was meant when we started sleeping in the basement due to bombing raids. The cellar was used to hang sides of bacon and hams, and housed large brine tubs in which beef and pork were salted. It was cold and damp and had a strange aroma, cutting you off completely from the outside world, when the hatch was closed. One day when we came up the stairs to get our early morning "cuppa," looking out into the road there was no activity at all, most unusual. My father unlocked the shop door and looked out, this caused panic up at the road block, they thought they had evacuated the whole street. During the night a bomb had landed in the back gardens and failed to explode, so it had to be made safe. We were not allowed to make our tea but had to leave the area immediately. I remember walking around the streets trying to pass the time, getting cold and wet until we were allowed back. After this narrow escape we drove out to Harrow Weald each evening to sleep and I had my first and last experience of an Anderson shelter. It was cold, damp, smelly, full of creepy crawlies and airless when several people were shut in there overnight, it got very stuffy, I hated it. One evening we were travelling to this out of town sleeping arrangement and as we drove over a railway bridge we saw a bomb land on the near by railway station. The next thing I remember is being taken to stay with my mothers aunt in the village of Baltonsborough in Somerset. This was a high cultural shock to me. This aunt was of the Victorian school, children should be seen and not heard, or preferably not seen or heard. She had not had any children of her own so I don't suppose she knew quite what to do with a small child. I was left to my own devices as long as I appeared at meal times! I wandered down the lane and was horrified to see this herd of large animals approaching, each with it's attendant swarm of flies. What were they? I had not seen anything like them before. I was a city child, milk came in bottles, and roads had safe pavements. After a short while my parents and baby sister came down and we moved into another cottage in the village, and I started at the village school. It was typical of many village schools at that time. One large room where juniors and seniors were taught, in my case by a Welsh dragon of a head mistress called Mrs Jones. A smaller room for infants classes, where I started. I cannot remember the teachers name, but I remember the pain and embarrassment when I was unable to get the knitting right and she administered a good thump in my back. No good complaining, suing for physical abuse had not been invented then! Amenities were very basic, in the corner of a small yard, where we spent our break times, were the outside toilets. Central heating was a Tortoise Stove in more or less the centre of the school room. I suppose it was called a tortoise stove because being all enclosed it was supposed to burn slowly, but if the wind was in a certain direction it got red hot. Desks were placed in neat rows and you didn't leave your desk unless teacher instructed or gave you permission to do so. Mrs Jones never had a headache from noise, as we were not allowed to talk unless spoken to. But I must give her credit she controlled and taught a wide age group, if you passed your scholarship you went to Elmhurst at Street, if not you stayed at the village school until you left at fourteen. My father went into the army, and like so many was away for six years, first in north Africa and then in Italy. I got used to living in this quiet country village, the adults talked about bombing on Bath and Bristol which lit up the night sky. The only local incident that I remember was when a glider came down in a field near Butleigh. A group of us children walked to have a look at it, only to be turned away by the village bobby who was guarding it. After the bombing stopped we returned to London, living temporary in the top floor in Grandmas house. I was in for another cultural shock, I went to Sunnyhill Junior school in Streatham, here they had separate rooms for every year, an assembly in the hall each morning, and different teachers for certain subjects. I had hardly got used to this when I had to take my scholarship, which to my families surprise I passed, now I would be going to an even larger school. Today before starting a new school pupils are able to tour the school and meet the teachers, we were not given that opportunity. I arrived on the first day of term to find that the new intake was

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divided into five forms, we were given a timetable and told to find the right classroom each time the bell rang for a change of lesson. This was not easy when there seemed to be hundreds of girl's all trying to do the same. At the end of the first day a very bewildered unhappy person emerged from school to go and catch the train for home. Somebody spoke my name at the school gate, it was my father, home at last, that certainly brightened up the day. The returning servicemen were told they would get their old jobs back, this was unrealistic as things had changed dramatically in the six years of war. Many previous places of employment no longer existed, housing stocks were low due to the bombing, this led to our returning to Somerset where I finished my education in smaller establishments.

MARGARET SIMMONS.

***** NEW MEMBERS *****

The following new members have recently joined our club, Mr K and Mrs V Nash of Evercreech Junction, Shepton Mallet and Mr Arthur Griffin from Denbighshire, Wales. Welcome to the Wessex Stationary Engine Club, and we hope your membership will be a long and happy one.

MELBURY ABBAS PRESERVATION SOCIETY RURAL WEEKEND AND VINTAGE RALLY JULY 16th and 17th.

This was our first visit to this rally, having been invited whilst staying at Compton Abbas a few weeks earlier. Our first impression as we entered the site was its wonderful position, a wide valley with hills rising on all sides and a lake in the centre. We were welcomed by the S.E. Steward, Bernie Genge, who went out of his way to help us unload the engine and set up the spark plug display. There was something to interest everyone at this rally. Swing-boats for the children, lots of charity stalls, tombola etc. Collections of stone jars, tins, china pigs, blow lamps, garden implements, car jacks, ships in bottles, axe heads (some looking medieval), and dairy equipment to name but a few. The lake was busy with model boats and Ted Pitman, a coracle maker gave demonstrations on how to paddle "one. He also had scale models of coracles made in different countries. The Wessex Owl and Falconry Society brought owls and other birds of prey, and children enjoyed being photographed with them. Two beautiful shire horses spent the entire weekend pulling a cart, giving rides. A scale model traction engine and a model train were kept busy giving rides. Demonstrations of haymaking, sawing, woodturning, with pole lathes, walking stick making, paintings and house sign making added more interest. For the hungry and thirsty (it was very hot) there were ice creams, a beer tent and take away food vans. There was plenty of seating and always in the background was the sound of the street organ and the small aircraft in the beautiful blue sky above. Lots of tractors went out on a road run, returning to parade the show ground before parking up with the classic cars, motor bikes and military vehicles. We were kept well entertained by the British Plate Armour Society who re-enacted medieval battles. They were sited next to the stationary engines. (Yes there were some - we almost forgot to mention them!) About 20 stationary engines, all nicely exhibited and no cars or vans behind them which made a much tidier display. There were plenty of parking space just a few yards away. Amongst the Petters, Stuarts, Wolseleys, Amancos and Listers was a Pegson Rammer which was bought new in 1953 to use when a new sewer pipe was laid at Gold Hill, Shaftesbury. The ground really did move when the owner started it - an 18 jump gave 3 1/2 ton pressure on the ground. A brilliant rally amongst friendly people and the weather was brilliant too. All proceeds went to The Cystic Fibrosis Trust and the purchase of an ECG machine for the local medical centre. We hope they did well.

Di and John Emery.

THE VALUE OF OLD AGE

Remember, old folks are worth a fortune, with silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, gas in their stomachs. I have become a little older since I spoke to you last, changes have come into my life. I am quite a frivolous old girl. I am seeing five gentlemen each day. As soon as I wake up 'Will Power' helps me out of bed, then I visit 'Looe,' next it's time for Mr Quaker who gives me my oats. They leave, and 'Arthur Ritis' shows up, stays the rest of the day. He doesn't stay in the same place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day, I am ready for bed with Johnny Walker, what a life! And oh yes, I am flirting with Al Zymer. The vicar came the other day and said at your age you should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him, oh I do! No matter where I am, in the lounge or upstairs, in the kitchen or in the basement, I ask myself, now what am I hear after?????